

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

Put two months dead, nay not so much, not two,  
So excellent a King, that was to this  
Hyperion to a Satire, so louing to my mother,  
That he might not beteeme the winds of heauen  
Visit her face too roughly: heauen and earth  
Must I remember, why she should hang on him  
As if increase of appetite had growne  
By what it fed on, and yet within a month,  
Let me not thinke on't; frailty thy name is woman  
A little month. Or ere those shooes were old  
With which she followed my poore fathers body  
Like *Niobe* all teares, why she  
O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason  
Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Vncle,  
My fathers brother, but no more like my father  
Then I to *Heracles*, within a month,  
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous teares  
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes  
She married Oh! most wicked speed; to post  
With such dexterity to incestuous sheetes,  
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,  
But breake my heart for I must hold my tongue.

*Enter Horatio, Marcellus and Bernardo.*

*Hor.* Haile to your Lordshippe.

*Ham.* I am glad to see you well; *Horatio*, or I do forget my

*Hor.* the same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.

*Ham.* Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,  
And what make you from *Wittenberg* *Horatio*?

*Marcellus.*

*Mar.* My good Lord;

*Ham.* I am very glad to see you, (good euen sir)  
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?

*Hor.* A truant disposition good my Lord.

*Ham.* I would not heare youremie say so,  
Nor shall you do my eare that violence  
To make it truster of your owne report  
Against your selfe, I know you are no truant,  
But what is you affaire in *Elsonoure*?  
Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

*Hor.*

*Hor.* My Lord, I came to see

*Ham.* I prethee doe not mo  
I thinke it was to my mothers

*Hor.* Indeed my Lord it fo

*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*  
Did coldly furnish forth the ma  
Would I had met my dearest fe  
Or euer I had seene that day Ho  
My father me thinkes I see my

*Hor.* Where my Lord?

*Ham.* In my mindes eye Ha

*Hor.* I saw him once, a wa

*Ham.* A was a man take hi  
I shall not looke vpon his like

*Hor.* My Lord I thinke I f

*Ham.* Saw, who?

*Hor.* My Lord the King you

*Ham.* The King my Father

*Hor.* Season your admirat  
With an attent iuecare till I m  
Vpon the witnesse of these gen  
This maruaile to you.

*Ham.* For Gods loue let me

*Hor.* Two nights togethe  
*Marcellus*, and *Barnardo*, on t  
In the dead wast and middle o  
Beene thus incountred, a figure  
Armed at poynt, exactly *Capap*  
Appeares before them, and wi  
Goes slowe and stately by the  
By their opprest and feare surp  
Within this tronchions length  
Almost to gelly, with the act o  
Stand dumbe and speake not t  
In dreadfull secrecy impart th  
And I with them the third nigh  
Whereas they had deliuered b  
Forme of the thing, each word  
The Apparifion comes: I kne